THOSE HIGH BUILDINGS

A NEW YORK ARCHITECT HOPES FOR LIMITATION OF HEIGHT.

Built to Secure Air and Light, No Space, They Deefat Their Purpose When Crowded Together.

R. H. Robertson, in New York Independent. From an architectural standpoint it cannot be contended. I believe, that the high buildings of New York are sightly or de sirable, and though I have my share of professional responsibility in the matterhaving designed the Park Row building and are now being made, lies at the bottom of that of the American Tract Company in Nassau street-I shall not be sorry to see the law step in and limit their further erec- 1900-a party of archaeologists is delving through the debris of 7,000 years for the

The best that can be said for their ap- records that were made contemporaneous to old-time reckoning of the deluge. From the marshy plain surrounding Calneh the pearance is that, viewed from a distanceespecially from the lower bay-they give to the city's skyline a certain picturesqueness which is not unpleasing. There are some | are still of native strain, and the men still striking groups of giants. A closer inspection, however, reveals defects which result from the exigencies of the case, and I do not see any way to a remedy, except through a cessation of such building. rifts and pits and projecting walls of an-

If I am given a plot of land two hundred teet square, with instructions to design a building, of which all four sides shall be dreds of Arab porters are carrying baskets treated architecturally, I can hope that my product will be harmonious and pleasing; ing above the horizon of the twentieth an ornament to the part of the city in century, and then walk slowly down towhich in stands. But if on the other hand I have only a narrow slice of land; must dozen steps of descent you have passed the military way is the command of Company build so as to give the utmost possible space level of the Christian era. The baked clay to tenants; with rows of windows every few feet; must go to great height and treat | before Christ. A few steps farther and only two sides-or perhaps only the frontarchitecturally, so as to save money for my client, the result cannot possibly be the time of Ur-Gur, centuries before Abrasatisfactory to the artistic sense. Critics who have treated this subject seem to for- a few feet, and you are standing on the of seventy-two. get or to be ignorant of the fact that the temple platform laid by Sargon I and Hence it will they shall "pay," and that on the altar of such utility it is impossible, under all the circumstances, not to sacrifice more or less beauty. They are really engineering debris to the site of ancient Nippur or feats-these buildings-and therefore have little or no architectural value. They have taught architects nothing, except as to 4500 B. C. The Septuagint, written 250 B.

I hope that the limit has been reached in the Park Row building-which rises 392 feet from sidewalk to base of flagstaff on the dome, and goes 36 feet below the sidewalk-and that we will now see something having the nature and tendency of a re-

BEGAN IN CHICAGO. This kind of building began in Chicago. It differs from any that the world ever had known before, and the difference is no which we can congratulate ourselves. It has made our wide streets narrow and our narrow streets like alleys; It has increased cold and dampness on the streets and given us winds that are ferocious-that, for instance, which lies in wait for people at the Tract Company building's corner of Nassau street. The high buildings of European cities

bear no comparison with ours. Those of

the Italian cities only went up about six stories, and those of Edinburgh were little higher. And they were only residences. Europe will never copy this fashion from us. In London you could not fill a tenstory building. The people who have offices seek seclusion, getting away into some old-fashioned court, where they have elbow room and can keep their neighbors at a distance. Three thousand people in a building would never suit them at all In Paris, such buildings as these high ones of ours would not be allowed. They are very particular there, and control intended

design most rigidly. I think that it would be wise to limit the height of buildings here to 150 feet on wide and 100 feet on narrow streets. It was not the exigencies of businessthe compression of an enormous volume of activities in a small area-that gave us these giants. It was the desire for unimpeded sunlight and air. That was achieved for one building when it shot high above its neighbors. But when its neighbors followed it into the sky the purpose of the

high building was defeated. The light and

gs as to height, material, form and

air problems were in a worse condition The building, 160 Fifth avenue, on the ninth floor of which I have my office, is an example. When I first came I could see all over. Now newly built monsters rise on every hand shutting out the view and

SPACE NOT NEEDED.

The fact that these high buildings were not necessitated by the small area of land on Manhattan island is proven by the land side unoccupied, by the half empty conlition of many of these buildings and by the mad strife for tenants in which they are engaged. Tenants flit from building to building, being coaxed to the newer by offer of ridiculously low rent, which the landlord hopes to be able to raise in the future. Then comes the newest building, with the latest improvements and still lower rent, and the tenants flit again. The high buildings are engaged in a cutthroat game. Those who put them up are in many cases at their wit's end to pay the interest on borrowed money, and the tenants who

are the only ones who profit. High building has been thus overdone especially in the uptown section of the city, but even downtown a great many of them are not paying.

to not need a settled place of business

So I think it is reasonably certain that we will not see the forty-story building in this generation. The craze is dying out It has reached its limit in Chicago, and probably here also. Even with the present high buildings the elevator problem has become a most difficult one.

As far as the substantiality of the high uildings go there is little to be desired. They will endure. The skeleton is of steel and the materials put into them are all of the best. They are becoming more and more fireproof, and as the old rookeries are banished from the city and their places are taken by substantial buildings conditions are still further improved in this respect. Every year there is more fire-proof-

I dont believe that we shall ever see people jumping from a thirty-story building because of fire. Under the most unfavor- to pedestrians in the matter of clearing able circumstances that I can conceive they would be able to get in and out half so unfortunate as to get run over, you a dozen times before enough heat was gen-

erated to do damage. The Home Life building fire demonstrated that fact, I think, as well as it could be done. Of course, when we say "fireproof," that means relatively fireproof. Everything will yield to flames that are sufficiently fierce-even kiln brick will burn. But the Home Life building with all its windows open served as a flue to the nest of rookeries that clustered about it, and yet the damage to its structure was very slight. There were some twisted beams. That was about all. It was put to rights

structurally at a little cost. ARE SAFE ENOUGH. That is the only danger in which these buildings stand-that they will be used as flues by their older and smaller neighbors, and as these vanish and are replaced creases. In the case of the Home Life fire that matter, to move their things. There the weighty Fido, plumped him into the officer's arms, pushed the two of them ahead, and with her parasol folded and his musket is polished, that his shoes are her train held high above the dust, she blackened and that he looks as if he had

As to burning up from the inside, that s unthinkable under present conditions. There is hardly enough combustible mater in all to do one of them damage. If they were warehouses the case might be dimerent. There is also no danger of any the policeman more dazed than ever. And pieces has appeared from among the foliage of the monsters falling down. The steel before he had recovered another woman that surrounds the quarters of the enlisted frame, the deep foundation and the fine materials guarantee their permanence. The calsson enables as usually to reach rock foundation without injury to the foundations of the neighboring buildings. In the case of the Park Row building there who had been watching proceedings nabbed him and made him steer her across in safety. The practice is spreading now, thanks to the bravery of the American woman, and before the exposition is over the Paris policeman will be a reformed man.

is sand reinforced with short piling below SCENES AT WEST POINT As I said before, architecture owes nothing to these new buildings. They are money making ventures, defeating their own purpose by their multiplication. Their

and bare walls-as they do not know what

mand to such a degree as to be responsi-

MYSTERIOUS NIPPUR.

Excavations Where a Depth of Ten

Feet Marks Centuries.

"Calneh, or ancient Kippur, where exca-

vations by the University of Pennsylvania

a great sand dune in Mesopotamia-that

sand dune looks little like the key to the

clump of Arab mud huts where the horses

use matchlocks inlaid with Arabesques

desert staggering across the wastes picking

up sand until it could carry no more and

collapsing, finally, on the site of the an-

cient city. But in that huge mound are

tunnels leading in and down, and deep

cient cities and platforms of baked clay,

and stone stairways up which to-day hun-

of sand. From the summit of the pile one

ward the beginnings of civilization. Walk

to the right of you was placed there by Ashurbanapal, king more than 600 years

at your feet are the markings of Kadash-

man-Turgu, 1400 B. C. Down again, farther,

and you are walking on a platform laid in

ham, the founder of the Jewish nation,

was born. Down, still farther down, only

istence even Biblical scholars have said

was mythical-Sargon, whose name, never-

theless, is stamped in every brick. Finally,

through a hole broken in this platform,

you may look down past thirty feet of

Calneh and see the fragments of arches,

sacrificial urns and altars built at least

about 5,500; and with this in mind, it is

difficult in the nineteenth century to gaze

upon these evidences of man's handiwork

and realize that the workmen lived more

than 7,000 years ago. And yet this is by

no means the strangest feature, for the

records of these workmen show that they

lived not within a comparatively few gen-

erations of the beginning of the world.

but that they were part of a civilization

as highly developed as that of the Greeks;

that men carried on the business of life

in a manner and with ambitions and de-

sires not very different from those of our

time, and that, most remarkable of all, this

state of affairs had then been going on

for many thousands of years. Evidence

of all this is found stamped on the tablets

and vases which are being unearthed to-

day from the ruins of Calneh. It is a

wonderful story, which probably has more

end of human life than anything else re-

THE JOKE WAS ON HERMANN.

One of His Little Tricks Brought to

Naught by Bill Nye.

When Bill Nye, in collaboration with

James Whitcomb Riley, was touring the

country as a lecturer, he stopped at a

well-known Chicago hostelry, one evening,

and was escorted to a place in the big din-

ing room directly across the table from

dark gentleman, with heavy black mus-

tachios and a Mephistophelian goatee. Nye

recognized his vis-a-vis as Hermann, the

magician, but, beyond a quizzical stare,

gave no sign that he knew the eminent

prestidigitator. Hermann was very well

Bill Nye, but did not indicate his recogni-

tion by word or manner. Hermann had, in

humorist, and several others seated at the

Nye was about to lance a leaf from his

salad, when he espied, lying beneath it, a

superb and scintillant diamond, set in a

salad bowl, slipped it on his finger, con-

scious all the while that every eye was

next to him, remarked, with his dry, in-

"Strange, how careless I am getting to b

Hermann was dumfounded at the sudder

manner in which his trick had miscarried.

but he was destined for a still greater

sided over the table, brought on the next

course, Nye turned to him and, soberly

"And you always will be a real go

"Yes, sah. I'm bound' ter do ma best

"I believe you, Joe. I believe you; and

as an evidence of my faith in you I want

you to accept this little trifle. Wear it, and

always remember the man who most ap-

The darky's eyes bulged. Hermann's fork

rattled to the floor, and he tugged at his

great mustachios, but was far too clever

to cut in with an explanation at such an

inopportune moment. There were half-sup-

pressed titters all around the board dur-

ing the rest of the meal, which the pro

fessor of occult art did not appear to en-

joy. At a late hour that night Hermann

was heard in loud argument with the

dusky recipient of the diamond ring, try-

ing, in two languages, to convince him

that it was all a joke on the part of Mr.

Nye. Finally, after disbursing a tip of

more than customary liberality, Hermann

got back his ring. He afterwards avowed

the stone alone was worth \$2,000, and that

Bill Nye's nonchalant presentation of it to

a grinning menial had spoiled a whole

FRENCH POLICEMEN.

They Are Getting Some Lessons from

American Women.

You know the policemen over there have

no idea whatever of rendering any service

the way at crossings. In fact, if you are

are arrested for being in the way of these absolutely undisciplined and autocratic

drivers of cabs and carts. I could never

muster up courage to ask one of these

through the wild tangle of hoofs and

wheels, but not so my sister from Boston.

She has taken the policeman in hand, and

before the exposition is over he will be a

I saw one such episode yesterday. Sh

wore glasses. She was followed by a dog

of aristocratic features. She had the in-

hand the tail of her gown, and was fur-

ther burdened with a parasol. It was the

most crowded hour of the boulevard, and

t was evident she feared for her own

life as well as that of her beloved canine.

It was then she sighted an officer, and

she made for him with all the vim of ar

American woman bent on victory. In very

help me and my dog across the street.

He glanced at her in blank amazement

and indignation, but before he could ex-

plain that his duties did not include pilot-

ng women across the boulevard, she lifted

swept as grandly through that wild cur-

rent of dashing equipages, scorching bi-cycles and rushing motor carriages as if

drawing room. When she got to the other

the had been crossing her own Back Bay

but quite as a matter of course, which left

bad French she commanded:

wiser though perhaps sadder man.

evening's performance in legerdemain.

Paris Letter.

handing him the gem-set ring, said:

"Yes, sah. I gues I is, sah."

preciated your services."

"You are a very good waiter, Joe."

shock; for, when the dark waiter who pre

in my old age, James. I am forever leaving

my jewels in unlikely places.'

fact, prepared a little surprise for the

table were in the secret.

imitable drawl:

important bearing on the beginning and

cently discovered."

can look afar off to the sun just gleam-

one might figure a mighty whirlwind of the

beginning of history. Standing amid a

ancient Babylonia, and to-day-May,

is coming beside them

great economy of space.

Ainslee's Magazine.

ble for some improvements.

WHAT IS DONE AT THE GREATEST exigencies are hostile to our art, the atmosphere in which they grow tends to de-stroy it. So you find them slabs or boxes in shape, with ornamented front, perhaps, MILITARY SCHOOL IN THE WORLD.

The great new feature in them is the Evening Dress Parade-Meeting teel structure, giving great strength with Mars's and Cupid's Representa-As to new materials other than steel, tives-Best Drilled Infantry. these great buildings have given us nothing, though they may have stimulated de-

> W. E. Curtis's West Point Letter in Chi cago Record.

The cadets at the Military Academy are divided into four companies, according to their stature. All the tall men are in Company A and all the short ones in Company C. The battalion is commanded by Capt. Otto Hein, of the First Cavalry, with a brevet of lieutenant colonel, who is said to be the handsomest man in the United States army, and he certainly makes a General Winfield Scott. beautiful picture when he stands like a statue on the parade grounds to review his command, with a yellow plume of horse hair floating from his helmet. Another glory" comes fluttering down from its lofty handsome man, and some think he even place above the foliage, while the band Lieut. Edward Anderson, of the Seventh | every spectator stands uncovered in respect Cavalry, in charge of cadet Company D. ficer of the regular army detailed to look | ceremony. The spectators and the people | after its discipline, but the active command | at the post who usually come out to enjoy | is intrusted to cadets of the first class, who I the parade paid no more attention to the are selected as captains because of their efficiency in tactics and soldierly conduct. Scholarship does not enter into the selection so much as military efficiency. The other officers of the battalion are chosen as slowly as you may, and at the first for similar reasons. The highest honor in a

> Cadet Abbott, from Illinois, stands first in scholarship in the third class. Cadet Sheridan is the son of General Sheridan and stands fifty-one in a class of seventy-one. Cadet Hobson is a brother of the hero of the Merrimac and stands sixty in a class

Hence it will be noticed that appointments of cadet officers are not based upon scholarship. It often happens, as in the cases of Hobson and Sheridan, that cadets are fine soldiers and poor scholars. At the often unites the two qualities and stands high in military conduct as well as scholar-C., places the creation of the world at ship.

One of the most beautiful sights to be ing dress parade at the academy. Nature and landscape gardening have furnished a splendid stage for the play. The scenery consists of a gloomy range of mountains behind which the sinking sun throws golden glow upon the heavens. Nearer, and in the foreground, is a lawn as level as a floor, with turf as lustrous as green velvet, encircled with stately trees, through which the mullioned windows and the Norman towers of the old cadet barracks appear at intervals. On the opposite side is a battery of artillery, mute, parked and ready for to-morrow's exercises. Along to the left is a majestic monument, erected in honor of the graduates who fell in the civil war, surrounded by a collection of trophies captured by the United States

ish in 1776-80 and 1812-14, from the Mexicans and from the Spaniards in 1898. A torpedo taken from a Spanish cruiser lies in the center, encircled by a segment of the great iron chain that was stretched across the Hudson to prevent the British ships from going north during the war of the revolution. A little nearer is a statue in bronze of General Sedgwick, erected by the Sixth Army Corps, and the fine old soldier stands there embowered in foliage day after day and year after year, with eyes to the east, and has witnesed many beautiful and impressive sights. Far above him, at the top of a lofty pole, floats "old glory."

LOVE-MAKING. aware that the bald man opposite him was Along the roadway on the fourth side of the parade grounds, in front of the resiprovided for the comfort of spectators, who often come afar to see the cadets on very fine gold ring. Without showing the parade, and they always go away feeling least surprise, he lifted the ring from the that they have been well rewarded

It is gratifying to observe that the fierce upon him, and, turning to Riley, who sat | young dogs of war show an amiable disposition toward the damsels who come here to assist in beautifying the landscape with their dainty hats and their pink and purple gowns. Young women have many privileges at the Military Academy that they are not permitted to enjoy at other educational institutions. They can attend the recitations and the examinations at any time they please, and either from the benches on the floor or in the galleries that have been provided for their especial accommodation in the new recitation rooms can hear future major generals demonstrating probfenses and elucidating other subjects that relate to the art of war. More frequently, however, they manifest a disposition to sit on the captured cannon and in more sheltered nooks about the grounds and allow the cadets to trifle with their affections during certain hours of the day which are described in the regulations as "release from quarters." If they have a mother or an aunt or some matronly chaperon with influence at headquarters they can visit the hotel occasionally and continue the siege of hearts on broad balconies that command a beautiful view of the Hudson as it flows through the Highlands, as beautiful as any part of the Rhine.

Visitors at West Point during the commencement season will observe certain phenomena. Wherever they see a girl there is always a cadet to protect her, and the more attractive the girl the larger the guard. From any of the porches these lovely June days you can witness a game which began when men and women were first created, and which some young damsels consider the only one that is worth their while to play. Here the principal participants are Mars and Cupid. This game is interrupted at 6:30 o'clock every evening by the blast of trumpets and the roll of drums beating, sounding off the adjutant's call and by a rush of cadets across the campus. Through the gloomy passages they enter the quadrangle, from which they soon reappear armed and in full dress-white trousers, gray coats, dress caps, white gloves and broad straps of white leather crossed upon their breasts. The officers may be distinguished by plumes of cocked feathers in their hats, devices embroidered with braid upon their sleeves and swords that hang at their

sides. The captains of companies and the

adjutaat wear crimson sashes over the

shoulder and around the waist.

CALLING THE ROLL They form in companies in front of the barracks, each man going to his place, and if he is not there at the instant the drum stops besting a demerit mark is placed against his name. The first sergeant stands in front of his company, shouts "Tenevitable Baedeker, and she carried in one shun!" in a firm, fierce voice and then calls the roll from memory. The men in line answer "Here." When the list is finished the sergeant turns about on his heel, salutes his captain, who stands behind him, and reports "All present, sir, except Mr. Jones, Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson." The captain draws his sword with dignity and decision and says, in stern tones: " shun. Company A! Open order!" The rear line steps three paces backward and the captain, followed by the first sergeant, marches slowly along both lines, inspect his musket is polished, that his shoes are blackened and that he looks as if he had been melted and poured into his clothes Then each captain announces his order for the day and the details from his com pany for various purposes, after which In the meantime the band of forty-five men upon the post, and has taken its position at the right of the parade ground, where it plays a lively air. Two cadet of ficers, with swords, sashes and plumes march solemnly side by side from the cade barracks across the field and take position at the left of the band, these march

terious persons being the adjutant and the quartermaster of the battalion. Two other cadets without sashes and plumes take corresponding position at the other end of the line four paces from the left of Company D. These are the sergeant-major

and the quartermaster. As the companies are marching across the green a splendid figure in blue, white and yellow raiment, with a glistening sword at his side, emerges from one of the mansions along the roadway and takes a position on the field, where he stands like a statue with folded arms. That is the officer of the day, who has come "to receive parade.

The battalion stands at rest while the band playing a lively air marches forward and back along the whole line, led by a gorgeous drum major with a muff of bear fur on his head. Next to the officer in charge he is the most magnificent figure in sight, and the late General Nichols, formerly Governor of Louisiana, tells a story of his own experience which illustrates the impression. Nichols says that he arrived at West Point, the greenest "plebe" that ever came upon the grounds, just at the time of dress parade one beautiful June evening in 1851. He had never seen and he had never expected to see so splendid a spectacle, and as the band marched up and down before the battalion he was certain that the drum major was

LOWERING THE FLAG. When the band returns to its position the drum corps sounds "retreat" and "old surpasses Colonel Hein in pulchritude, is plays "The Star-spangled Banner" and to the national ensign. Before the Span-Each of the cadet companies has an of- ish war this was an ordinary perfunctory national air than to any other piece the band played, but the thrill of patriotism aroused by the first hostile demonstration found expression in this way, not only here but over the entire country, as you must know, it became the practice for everybody to rise and lift their hats and stand with bared heads until the last notes of "The Star-spangled Banner" dies away, and we should hope that this practice may always

On Sunday evenings, while the proceedings I have described are going on, the band usually plays sacred airs, except when marching time is needed for the

Just as the flag touches the ground the evening gun is fired, and then the adjutant marches from his position at the left of the battanon to the center, laces about, sai the officer in charge and reports "the parade formed." "Take your post, sir," responds the of-

ficer in charge, and the adjutant steps be-

hind that important personage, who shouts: " 'Tenshun, battalion! 'Sent, humps!" There is an instantaneous flash of polished steel along the entire line as the muskets of 360 young soldiers come to position. "Caree hump!" shouts the officer, and another instantaneous movement is seen in the battalion. "'Der hump!" he goes again, and so on through the entire manual of arms, which is executed with a precision that could not be improved; whereupon the officer in charge directs the adjutant to receive the reports. The latter steps quickly toward the battalion, and when he reaches a point half way between stops, draws his trusty blade, braces his sword to his shoulder, grinds his heels together

"First sergeants, frontancenter, much! Four men come to the front in a dignified manner, and one after the other announce the strength of each company. In A all are present; in B three are absent, and so on, and when each has spoken comes the com-

The adjutant then faces about, salutes the officer in charge and reports five privates absent. The officer in charge directs him to publish orders, and he begins in loud, firm tone to read, first the orders from the headquarters of the army, then those from the headquarters of the post and then of the corps of cadets. When these are finished he reads the details for the next day, announcing the names of the officer of the day, the officer of the guard, etc., which is followed by a short, sharp

"Of cers tercenter, much!" Whereupon the captains and lieutenants of the four companies return their swords to their scabbards, form a line in front of the battalion and march forward sixteen abreast until they reach the presence of the officer in charge. As they salute him, he says: "Company officers, take your positions! They step behind him and face about while the first sergeants take command by the companies, close ranks, shoulder arms and march off the parade ground at a quick trot, while the band plays double time. Elbow touches elbow, and the toes of the rear rank touch the heels of the front rank, but the alignment is as firm and perfect as if each group of eighty young soldiers were firmly clamped together. The entire battalion moves like a beautiful machine, so perfect has unceasing practice made them. There is no infantry battalion in all the world, according to the experts, so thoroughly drilled and so precise in execution as the cadets at the Military Academy; and the appearance of a long line of soldierly young men in white trousers, gray coats, the gold insignia upon their hats and the glistening steel of their muskets, is as picturesque and inspiring as one can see anywhere. The German cavalry are said to be the best drilled of all mounted troops, and some of the regiments are as perfect in tactics and evolutions as in the manual of arms, but for years the West Point battalion of cadets has been without rivals among infantry battalions.

The Play.

When the arc-lights on avenue and square Shed their white glamor, and the gas-jets glow Adown the street, far-reaching row on row, And one scarce knows if in the upper air Is cloud or star-shine or the moon Forth to the play the merry pleasurers go To see the mimes enact, in mimic show, Life with its passionate joy and dull despair.

And yet you need not pass the playhouse doors To gaze on comedy; behold it where You urchin capers with absurd grimace! And if you mark the human flood that pours Its billows by you, ere you are aware You will meet grisly tragedy face to face!

WOMAN AND A TELEGRAM.

-Clinton Scollard, in Smart Set.

A Missive That Caused Unpleasant Re-

Washington Post If there's any one thing in the world the average woman fears more than she does a mouse-though, for my part, I know a lot of women who aren't a bit afraid of miceit is a telegram. There is something about the mere sight of the black-lettered yellow envelope that fairly makes a woman's heart stop beating for an awful second-a second that is long enough to let her think over every possible sudden death or frightful disaster the message may announce. Now and then you find a woman who receives as many telegrams as most of us do letters, but even she, I'll venture to say, isn't above feeling a deal better when she's torn open the envelope and found that nothing serious has happened. What made me think of all this was the small adventure of a Washington young woman who has been visiting in Wilkesbarre. She lives, when she is at home, on Vermont avenue, and in Wilkesbarre she has been staying with cousins. The first evening of her visit she went to the theater with her two girl cousins. The play was a morbid, lugubrious sort of thing, and she was almost in tears anyway when the second act was over. The orchestra had just begun to play when the manager of the theater appeared before the curtain and motioned the leader to silence. His face was very grave, "Is Miss Vermont, of Washington, in the house?" he asked. "A telegram has been

and he held a telegram in his hand. rought to the theater addressed to her."
Miss Vermont turned suddenly cold with error. Mother had had a stroke, or father's automobile had run away with him, or brother Jack had been capsized on the river and drowned. She saw every detail of her fearful home journey—the sleepless night of waiting for the first train, the interminable crawling of it Washingtonward. She saw herself in deepest mourning. In half a second she lived a week of misery Her two cousins were gazing at her in frightened helplessness. She staggered to

"I am Miss Vermont," she said, with ar An usher ran down the aisle. Every eye in the theater was on her. Every woman there felt for her. For a moment she could not nerve herself to open the envelope. She must. She must know which one it was. The message was a blur before her. It was signed Jack. She caught the words, "Wire at once." It was mother, then, or father. She looked closer. This time she made out the whole mossesse. It reads made out the whole message. It read:
"Mother left out pink organdie. Do you need it? Wire at once." And then the theater-going public of Wilkesbarre was treated to the spectacle of a young woman from Washington in a violent fit of hystosian.

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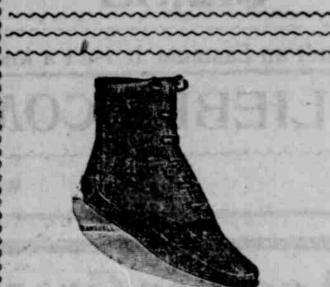
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Marvelous Product of Milked Spiders to Be Shown at Paris.

SILK OF SPIDERS' WEB.

One of the most novel exhibits in the colonial section of the Paris exhibition will be a complete set of bed hangings manufactured in Madagascar from the silk obtained from the halabe, an enormous spider that is found in great numbers in certain districts of the island. It was a missionary, Father Camboue, who was the first to conceive the idea that these insects might be made to replace the silkworm. He succeed-

ed without difficulty in obtaining a suffi cienty quantity of silk to be of practical use, but he did not pursue his efforts be yond the purely experimental stage. Th matter has since been taken up by M Nogue, the head of the Antananarivo Technical School. The results he has already achieved show that the production of spider silk should quickly become a highly im portant industry. The chief problem to be solved was t find a practical process for extracting the silk from the female spiders. M. Nogue has invented a most ingenious appliance for this purpose. It should be said that the female halabe allows herself to be relieved of her silken store with exemplary docility, and this in spite of the fact that she is distinguished for her ferocity; her usual treatment of the males who pay her court is to eat them, and she feasts without compunction on weaker members of her own sex. M. Nogue's apparatus consists of a sort of stocks, arranged to pin down on their backs a dozen spiders. The spiders accept

this imprisonment with resignation, and liperfectly quiet while the silken thread issuing from their bodies is rapidly wound off on to a reel by means of a cleverly devised machine worked by hand. Each of the twelve spiders thus "milked" simultaneously yields from three to four hundred yards of silk. As soon as a spider has yielded up all its silk it is replaced by a fresh insect and the work of reeling off the thread thus goes on with very slight interruption. The spiders whose threads have been exhausted are set free, and ten days aftervard they are again ready to undergo the operation. The silk of these spiders, which is of the most extraordinary brilliant golden color, is much finer than that of the silkworm, but its power of resistance is remarkable, and it can be woven without the least difficulty.

A NEW OCTOPUS.

But It Will Bring Joy to the Small Boy and His Sister.

Washington Star. "The small boy and his sister will have plenty of entertainment this summer." explained a well-known amusement manager to a Star reporter, "for the number of tent shows already out and soon to start on the road will be ten times as many as during any previous summer in my recollection. This is one of the results of the circus trust and the syndicate mangement of amusements. Last summer the thing began, and as it was found to pay hundreds have embarked in it this season. Since the circus trust began to get its work in times have been rather hard on circus performers, and those who have to exist in the tented show business. Salaries were cut down to the minimum, and if they were not accepted it meant no work. The performers had no appeal, for the man-agement of hall shows could only handle a small percentage of them and only employed those who would work at bed-rock

"During the winter these performers got their heads together and planned for the summer season on their own hooks. Of course, it was difficult to get the capital together to purchase outfits, tents, wagons. horses and other necessaries, but many succeeded. Most of the small shows will play for an admission of 10 cents, with an extra charge for reserved seats. But some of them, which are more pretentious, will charge 25 cents for general admission. As they are small and comparatively easily lifted about the country they can work in small cities, towns and villages and reach a class of people who, since the decline of the old-fashioned country circus, have enjoyed nothing of the sort. These small shows will, as a rule, travel by road, though they will occasionally use the railroads in big jumps, which are generally made on Sundays. The country and town boys will get some benefits under the circumstances for if it were not for the trust the small places would not get any shows at all."

ICE IN HOT COUNTRIES.

Not Much Appreciated and Nearly Everybody Gets Along Without It. New York Sun.

Ever since the trade in artificial ice began manufacturers of ice-making plants have been seeking markets in hot co tries, where no natural ice is procurable tropical cities, but it is doubtful if they would have met even with moderate suc-cess if it had not been for brewers and a few other manufacturers who find ice de sirable in their business. The people gen-erally get along very well without ice, as their fathers did before them, and com-

ress is making toward the general introduction of ice in hot countries In Guatemala, for instance, ice is used mainly in saloons, restaurants and hotels and very few families own a refrigerator or buy ice. The city of San Salvador, with population of thirty thousand, consumes only five thousand pounds per day; there is no cold storage in the city and all meat sold on the market is killed the previous night. There is not a single ice plant in Bolivia, but some natural ice, brought by the Indians from the mountains is sold in La Paz. In the large seaport of Bahia, Brazil, the first attempt at icemaking was abandoned because there was no demand. For three years past, however, one small plant has been making about 11/2 tons day, which is sold to the hotels and drink shops patronized by the foreign population and a few foreign families. The ice is not used to preserve food, but only to cool frinks. Butchers say they have no need for ce. The laws require that all meat killed one day shall be sold before noon next

lay, and just enough meat is killed to suply the average daily demand. In the city of Barranquilla, Colombia here are no refrigerating plants or cooling rooms, and meat, not salted soon after the animals are killed, becomes unfit for food. The deputy consul at Colon writes that no town in his consular district, except Colon, would consume enough ice to justify the erection of a plant. The only ice factory in Ecuador is run by a brewing firm at Guayaquil, and the firm consumes the entire product. In Uruguay there is a prejudice against cold drinks or food refrigeration. Consul Goldschmidt writes from Venezuela that the small demand for ice there is due to the fact that victuals and meats are not kept over night, but are

A Fathers' Club.

R. M. Field, in Chicago Post.

daily bought in the market for immediate

And now comes Mother Colonel Springer of Colorado, who expresses her cheerfu willingness to "be one of ten women to get a fathers' club started." What we really need in this progressive age is a fathers' club. Mother Birney strikes the nail fairly on the head when , she asserts that young men should be induced to prepare themselves for fatherhood." How many young men, pursuing the maiden of their choice, stop to give thought to the contingency of fatherhood? As the lover presses made-he says: "I am able to support you in the style to which you are accustomed My income is thus and so. My habits are regular, and I yearn for a succession of peaceful conjugal evenings in a bower." But not a word about the important, the critical duties of fatherhood. Not one syllable as to his ability to meet the urgency of the occasion when it presents itself, as in all likelihood it will. Mother Birney says: "I think it is a good plan for the man to put the baby to bed once in while." Point out to us the young man, boasting to his love of his readiness for marriage, who can truthfully say that he is versed in the subtle art of putting a baby to bed. Can he even hold a baby without hunching the clothes about the neck? Will he dare affirm that he can tell he carries himself with something intuitively where, in the bewildering length of raiment, the baby ceases to become a prominent factor? And yet this man has the assurance to propose marriage, to tell a young woman that he is 'eligible," and that she is making no mistake in the premises. Shame on such duplicity! For these and kindred deceits we need fathers' clubs and lots of them, one at least in every voting precinct. Proceed with the good work. Mother Springer Continue the agitation, Mother Birney! Let us put matrimony on a solid, rational basis, lessening the cares of motherhood and fulfilling the responsibilities of fatherhood. It might be a good idea to begin

AN ISLAND LOST.

right off to-night.

No One Knows Where It Is, and It Will Be Wiped Off the Map. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

perts of the Navy Department making away with the little island, whose first existence was reported by Captain Morrell, of the whaling schooner Tartar, three-quarters of a century ago, is a matter of some speculation among geographers everywhere just at present. But there is no doubt that Morrell island does not at present rear its head above the waters of the

statement that there is any spot in the ocean which has never been passed over by some vessell at some time, but the chances are vastly rain, there are undoubtedly a number of ply recorded in a more or less careless fashio the fact that the vessel had sighted an islan of such and such size at the latitude and long tude in which the captain thought he was sai

25 W.WASH.ST

ference, flat, and so low as to be nearly level small island was reported as being close to the The island was apparently of volcanic origin according to Captain Morrell. When he saw it was covered with sea fowl, and the shore was ined with sea elephants. The time was July, 1825, and at the season green turtle were to be found in abundace

As no one has ever reported the island in th location mentioned, Captain Davenport is of the pinion that either it has sunk beneath the and was actually some hundred or two hundred niles to the northeast. He might well have nistaken some one of the Midway islands or and have miscalculated his location by a distance of several hundred miles. There are many recorded instances of mariners of this perio naving made even greater mistakes. At any rate, Captain Cobb, commanding passed over the location of Morrell's island several occasions. Lieut. James M. Miller, some time since that Captain Cavalry, City of Peking, had caused a special lookout (4

be made when he passed over this point on his way from the Sandwich islands to China; but no trace of the island or discoloration of the water was anywhere observable.

The late report of a vessel sent out especially to look for this island by some of the merchants f Honolulu contains the positive information that it does not exist. With this as a basis the Hydrographic Office will issue all charts henceforth leaving only blue water for the spowhere Morrell island is now indicated, and Upcle Sam must strike one off of the long list of nsular possessions which he has acquired of re-

LAND OF THE BASUTOS.

A Mountainous Country, Inhabited by Well-Armed Blacks.

Britisher and Boer just now, lies south of Natal and southeast of the Orange Free State. It is a been vicariously held. The territory includes 25,898 square miles, and has a population of

ful and best armed tribe of the Bechuana race, In 1879 they possessed from 15,000 to 20,000 stand gentler stamp of the Kaffir type. His bodily forms are less massive and sharp than the Kaffi; his stature is on the average less, and The strength of the Basutos lies in their occupaaries with their most tractable scholars, even though their subsequent performances did not always correspond to the expectations aroused by their caacity for learning. They are much for the colonists and often delight in wearing cast-off European clothes. They are cunning and on the lookout for easy and sometimes dishonest ways of making money. Innocent social games seldom cease among them.

Among the Bechnanas, which include the Basutos, there is never the startling nudity of the Zulus; they modestly cover themselves with a leather band fastened back and front to a broad belt. The women cover themselves with aprens to the knees, fore and back, the outer apron having a fringe of glass beads. Poor people wear simply a hide; richer persons wear furs of jackals, or wild cats carefully sewn together; rich women wear those of the silver jackal; the chiefs wear leopard skins. Fortu-nate hunters alone clothe themselves in the skin of a gnu, with the tail displayed behind as a

The Basuto native weapons are a modification of those of the Kaffir, the principal being the throwing spear supported by the battle ax, and the two edged dagger knife. Their shield is short, of scalloped form and made usually of ox hide.

markable, among which may be mentioned the ing up higher than a man and covered with an inverted dish. Regular huts are built over these store vessels and the entire harvest of millet or baskets. Their devotion to peaceful industries is so inborn and bred that great provocation or much money would be required to drive them into war, but when once thus driven they will give an account of themselves, as when they have been compelled to join the Matabeles in some of the historic conflicts of Bechuanniand.

Man with a Memory.